The World.

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THE EVENING

OUR ACCOUNT WITH LORENZ.

Princes have come to see us from abroad, Chinese mandarins of the first rank, playwrights, authors, inventors, British admirals, and each has contributed something to our wisdom or our wealth. But has any one done so much for us as Lorenz, now about to return to his home in Vienna? Is there any other visitor to whom we owe so large a debt? We have paid him $30,000 for four months' clinical instruction of our surgeons. A large sum, but not so much as we pay a favorite London actor for a few evenings' entertainment, nor more than the distinguished surgeon earns in his private practice at home in a similar length of time. So far from having repaid him, we still owe him a debt that can never be liquidated in full.

We owe him, first, for the crooked thigh bones set straight and for the little malformed limbs made to perform their functions, but as much if not more for having persuaded mothers to bring out their crippled children from the hiding places where pride or the fear of the knife had secluded them from the world's sight. At the news of the wonder-worker's cures the maimed and the deformed have come forth to feel his healing touch as if drawn by an irresistible magnet.

It has been a revelation to the New York doctors to see the number of crippled children brought to hospital doors by the fame of Dr. Lorenz's cures. They were where a settlement worker might occasionally see them, but never a census agent with his printed questions about disease, nor a doctor. In the mind of a deformed child's mother the knife is a vivid and menacing peril.

But how the mothers of these afflicted ones grasped at every straw of hope when the news came that Lorenz was curing without the knife! What persistence and vigilance they exerted in seeking to bring their crippled children to the healer's notice! The poor, distressed mother from Orchard street, for example, with her little daughter, helpless from club feet in her arms! At the door of the clinic the first day of Lorenz's operations there, only to be rebuffed with the word that he was treating only hip diseases! Back again the next morning and again and again for nearly a month. Then at last granted the privilege of having her child stood up in line with others, from whom the surgeon was to make one selection in default of time to attend to all. "This is my case," said Lorenz at sight of her; "it is a difficult one." And within an hour the deformed little feet had been unrolled into usefulness.

The good yet to be derived from Lorenz's coming is inestimable. And in justly apportioning the credit let us remember what newspaper publicity has done for those afflicted little ones in conveying to their parents the news of the great surgeon's miracles.

LIFE IN A SKYSCRAPER.

No one has ever impeached Devery's courage, but now he has given up his wrestle with downtown crowds and the express elevators of tall buildings and removed his real estate office to the quiet of the Ninth and the street level. The crowds were "too strong to suit him," and the elevators "put his breakfast on the bum." Furthermore, to look out of his window on the twelfth floor of the Broadway skyscraper in which he was a tenant made him dizzy.

When the skyscraper came to replace the humbler office buildings tenants who went up higher found themselves subject to new influences having an important bearing on their bodily and mental condition. Some were advantageous and some of marked disadvantage, and they may be thus contrasted:

ADVANTAGES.	DISADVANTAGES.
Purer air, somewhat more rarefied than that at the surface of the street as being from 150 to 250 feet above it, and beneficial to the lungs.	A disturbance of the heart's action due to the express elevators.
Familiarity with altitudes tending to cure "that dizzy feeling" of which Devery complains and which is due to the form of nervousness which the doctors call acrophoby, "fear of a height."	A weakening of the heart from lack of practice in stair climbing which Dr. Hammond recommended as an excellent cardiac tonic.
A development of the aesthetic sense by the contemplation of beautiful sunsets not observable from the street level.	Digestive disturbances due to the patronage of indoor restaurants and the neglect of the brief outdoor walk to and from lunch-rooms.
	The development of an exclusiveness of manner because of not knowing one's fellow tenants as in a smaller office building.

If Devery had stuck it out he might have overcome that dizzy feeling, though it is not always easy to adapt old nerves to new strains. The quiet life which he secures in the Ninth District has its compensations not less appreciable than those of altitudinous offices and fast elevators and jostling crowds of fellow-tenants.

ROSES AND HEADACHES.

It is only a year ago that a London physician advocated the use of violets as a specific for cancer; another London medical man now recommends the odor of roses as a headache cure. This would have interested Queen Anne, whom the perfume of roses made ill.

There is much for us yet to learn about odors as remedial and curative agents. Musk in old times was regarded as a prime disinfectant, and certain medicinal virtues were ascribed to other perfumes. The odor of carnations was considered an excellent stimulant. Heliogabulus, the Roman glutton, thought a wine made of roses a good thing for indigestion, and he used a broth of roses to tone up his ragged nerves after a debauch. After the Dutch cut down the trees in the Spice Islands disease became prevalent there, where it had never existed before. The heavy odors of lilies and orange blossoms and the tuberose were once regarded as excellent sedatives. An inquiry among the Bulgarians who distil the celebrated attar of roses as to whether they suffer from headache would be pertinent.

Prof. Piesse, in 1880, advanced the theory of a chromatic scale of odors corresponding to the notes of the musical scale. In this the sharp odors were made to correspond with the treble and the heavy with the bass. Civet was put highest, with verbena next, while patchouli represented the deepest bass. Rose, violet and orange were in the middle register. Musk, to nine-tenths of humanity the most objectionable of odors, ranked well down in the descending scale.

Last year a Berlin specialist promulgated a theory that the vocal chords are sensitive to the influence of perfumes, and we learned then that Christine Nilsson was thus affected. This illustrious singer found it necessary for the preservation of her voice in its best quality to banish all flowers from her house.

So much for the direct evidences of the influence of odors. Remembering also that Catherine de Medici knew of an odor that would kill—possibly a mediaeval distillation of bitter almonds—and bearing in mind that what kills may cure, we need not be regarded as unduly credulous if we subscribe to the London physician's theory about roses and headaches.

JOKES OF THE DAY

"What does the term 'All the difference in the world' mean, papa?"

"It means all the difference between a man's rating in Bradstreet's and the rating he swears to before the tax collector."

"He snores horribly."

"Yes, I should imagine he was a 'sound' sleeper."

The very inquisitive man
Couldn't find success's path
Till at last he hit on a plan
For a job at a Turkish bath,
Where the job of "rubber" soon he found
Suited him right down to the ground.

"It's a continuous performance of 'Break, break, break' at our house just now."

"What's the matter?"

"By the time I'd broken myself buying Christmas toys the kids began breaking them. By the time they got all the toys broken it'll be time for me to begin breaking my New Year resolutions."

"You used to say you loved my voice and that when we got old you'd love it still."

"Well, I do. In fact, that's the only way I do love it."

Employer—I'll have you arrested for larceny if you keep on stealing my time.

Clerk—And I'll get you a term in jail for arson if you fire me.

"Why do you go hunting for quail instead of deer? It isn't half so exciting."

"I know; that's the reason. I don't think anybody'd be likely to take me for a quail, no matter how badly he had the buck fever."—Washington Times.

Thus spake the sad and impecunious man:
"Life has for me a very bitter edge,"
"For when I find that money's getting tight
"My watch and watch chain always take the 'pledge.'"

"In algebra 'x' is the imaginary quantity. Now, can you give me an instance where an imaginary quantity may be divided?"

"It might, sir, if you were to 'give me a piece of your mind.'"

SOMEBODIES.

ALLAN, WILLIAM—a celebrated blockade-runner during the civil war, has just been knighted by Edward VII. He had served many years in Parliament where he is a striking figure, being well over 6 feet tall and weighing 350 pounds.

HADLEY, PRESIDENT—of Yale, is the first man in his position to take active part in college athletics. He recently played in the Yale tennis tournament, easily beating his opponent.

KIPLING, RUDYARD—has, it is said, the unique distinction of having his poem, "Our Lady of the Snows," cabled from England to Canada, at 25 cents a word, at Government expense.

M'KINLEY, MRS.—spent Christmas with her sister, Mrs. Barber, in the house where they lived together as girls. It was the first holiday she has spent away from home since the President's death.

MILLER, JOAQUIN—the "Poet of the Pacific Slope," has, it is said, made a fortune out of Texas real estate.

DO STARS EXPLODE?

The appearance of a new star in the constellation Perseus, and its rapid expansion into a nebula, which has been going on for some time past, have revived among astronomers the theory that some nebulae may be formed by explosion, says Success. About 1870, Prof. Bickerton, of Canterbury College, New Zealand, showed that, if two stars should graze one another, the abraded parts, if relatively small, would have so high a temperature that they would at once become nebulous, and that the nebula so formed would, under certain conditions, continue to expand until dissipated in space. The present expanding nebula has been growing at the extraordinary rate of several thousand miles a second, and is, in many ways, one of the greatest celestial wonders of the time.

BIG AUTO.

The largest automobile in the world is being constructed for a Parisian doctor. In it, accompanied by two medical students, he intends to make a trip around the world. It will have two sleeping apartments, a large work room and four big tanks for storing oil.

SWEETHEART, SLEEP.

Sweetheart, sleep; Night spreads her pall
Over the silent town,
And the far-off tide is musical
Where the little lines of breakers fall
And the weary sun goes down.

Sleep, oh, sleep! for the world reposes;
Droop you head like the tired roses;
Dream till the daffodil dawn uncloses
Over the sleepless sea.

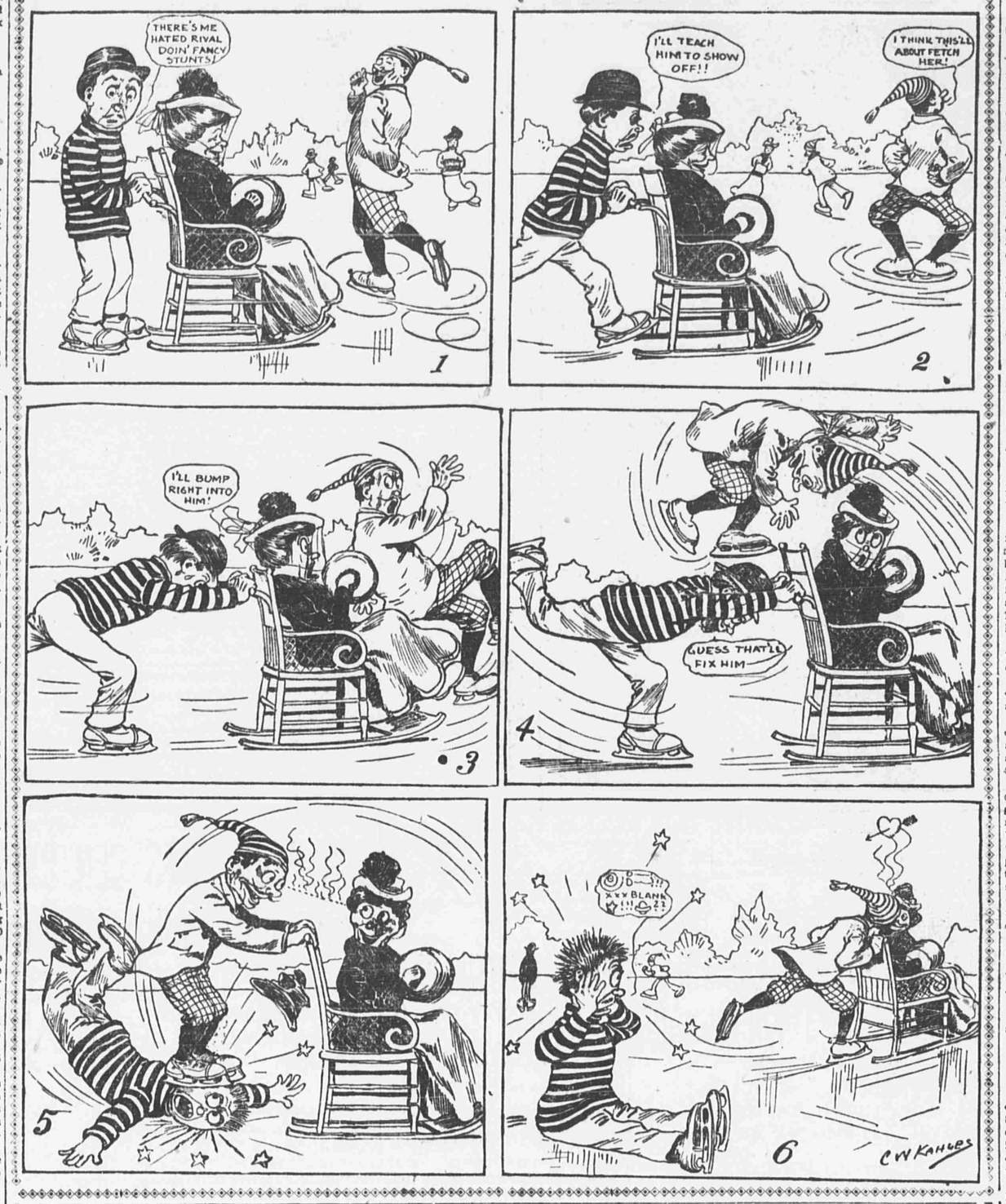
Now the moon like a silver ship
Steers through the starry sky;
And the lighthouse at the harbor's lip,
Where the clammy seaweeds cling and drip,
Winks with his fierce red eye.

Sleep, oh, sleep; in the magic gloaming
Glide to the land where the elves are roaming!
Wake when the sun flames over the foaming,
Splendid spray of sea!

—St. John Lucas in Longman's Magazine.

HOW JEALOUS WILLIE LOST HIS SWEETHEART.

He Was a Little Too Strenuous, as Artist Kahles Shows.



LIKE NO OTHER LOVE BY CHARLOTTE BRAEME.

A Case in Which a Young Man Must Choose Between His Mother and a Sweetheart.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Sir Carlos Carew, a headstrong youth, falls in love with Maggie Waldron, a steward's beautiful daughter. They become engaged and he goes to his estate at Firholme to win his mother's consent to the wedding.

Lady Carew explains what a mistake Carlos would make in marrying a girl so far below him in station, and refuses consent to the union. Carlos and Maggie are married secretly and go to Italy on their honeymoon.

Carlos soon wearies of his vulgar, bad-tempered wife, and takes advantage of a Parliamentary election to return home, leaving her in Italy, and promising to return to her soon. On arriving in England he engages as valet a man named Hiram West, who loves Maggie, and who suspects that her disappearance is due to Carlos. West secretly vows that, should his suspicion prove correct, he will kill Sir Carlos.

Lady Gladys Kerr is staying at Firholme with Lady Carew when Sir Carlos returns. He and Gladys are mutually attracted to each other. Carlos appears before his valet one evening, after a brief absence from the house, with his coat torn and one sleeve of his shirt missing. West decides that the rent was made by a woman's hand.

CHAPTER V.

A Terrible Discovery.

THE next morning Carlos was feverish and haggard.

He grew so much worse during the next day or two that his mother begged him to go away for a change of air.

At her request he went to Scotland on a fishing trip.

In his absence Lady Carew, remembering his idle wish that the mere be replaced by a knoll, decided to give him a pleasant surprise on his return by accomplishing his work.

She accordingly sent for Gregson, the local surveyor, and ordered him to have the mere drained preparatory to filling it in.

The surveyor's men, however, had barely begun the work when Carlos, finding no relief in absence, unexpectedly returned.

Perhaps some instinct told him that something was wrong, or it might be that he could not find the rest he craved. Whatever it was, he felt that he must go back to Firholme. He started one afternoon and arrived there late at night. He slept that night from sheer exhaustion. The sleep did him good, and in the morning he awoke refreshed.

The breakfast-room was the very picture of comfort and luxury. Lady Gladys welcomed him with a blush and a smile; the Baroness was delighted to see him; while Lady Carew was almost beside herself with joy.

Presently Lady Gladys said:

"The workmen seem unusually busy this morning."

"Yes," replied Lady Carew, "they expect to finish the first part of their work to-day." Then she turned to her son. "I had intended to give you a pleasant surprise, Carlos; but as you have returned in the midst of our work I must tell you my secret, or you would have found it out as soon as you went into the grounds."

He did not feel interested. He held out his coffee cup to Lady Gladys to be refilled.

"You once expressed a wish to me," continued his mother, "about the mere, and I bethought myself of it while you were away. I have been trying to carry out your suggestion. The workmen are at this moment engaged in draining the mere."

He dropped the coffee-cup, which fell with a loud clatter to the ground, and started from his seat with a terrible cry, a cry that haunted his mother until her dying day.

"Draining the mere? Great Heaven have pity on me!"

And then he rushed from the room, overturning everything that was in his way.

In wonder, terror and dismay the three ladies followed him. They heard him cry out that the work must be stopped at once. But it was too late!

Even as Sir Carlos opened the door that led to the lawn he knew that it was too late. He heard cries in the distance, and saw men running hither and thither. He dashed on, the three ladies still following him. What were the people saying? The men were whispering to each other—the women servants, attracted by the noise, were uttering strange cries; yet, amidst all the confusion, he heard what they were saying: 'A woman found drowned in the mere!'

When the water was nearly drained away the workmen had found her lying among the reeds, and with reverent hands had laid her on the bank—a woman beautiful and young.

Although Sir Carlos thought he was running faster than ever man ran before, his steps were faltering, and now his mother was by his side.

"Carlos, Carlos," she cried in unutterable anguish, "what is wrong?"

"A sad thing, my lady—a terrible thing!" replied the surveyor. "A woman has been found drowned in the mere."

"Drowned in the mere!" she repeated, aghast.

Her eyes sought those of Sir Carlos. What did she expect to find there? Mother and son looked at each other, but did not speak.

Sir Carlos walked unsteadily toward the fatal mere. The water was now so low that the thick dark ooze at the bottom was visible. He could see the small crowd gathered round something on the bank, and involuntarily he drew nearer and nearer. They were bending over the silent, dripping figure, and a new horror seized him.

He saw one of the men-servants who had just been speaking to his valet, who formed one of the crowd. He went up to the man and clutched his arm.

"I will give you a thousand pounds," he said, in a hoarse voice, "if you will go to that dead woman and take from her what she holds in her hand."

The man looked up at him, scared and bewildered.

"I will try. What is it?"

"A cuff—a torn white linen cuff with a diamond solitaire," was the reply. "I will give you a thousand pounds for them."

"And I swear," cried a harsh voice on the other side of the servant, "if you touch that dead woman or take from her the evidence which tells the story of her death, you shall answer first to the law and then to me."

Sir Carlos stood face to face with Hiram West, his valet, the man who had watched in silence so long and now had captured his prey. They had reached the crowd, and the people made way for Sir Carlos, Hiram West and Lady Carew.

"A woman drowned!" said the valet in a loud voice. "I say, a woman murdered! And I, the only creature on earth who loved that dead woman, accuse Sir Carlos Carew of the murder! Let him deny it if he dare!"

"You are mad!" cried one of the bystanders contemptuously.

Lady Carew, with a look on her face from which the men shrunk, tried to get nearer and raise the handkerchief from the dead woman's face; but they would not let her.

The loud clear voice went on:

"I loved the woman who lies murdered there, and I asked her to be my wife. She laughed at me because he"—pointing to Sir Carlos—"had been talking to her, and she had some hope of being Lady Carew. I did not care for her laughter, for I loved her with all my soul; but I warned her, I told her that I should watch over her, and that, if harm came to her, his life should pay for it; and, so help me Heaven, it shall! I accuse him of wilful murder! See—the police are coming; make way for them! I sent to Lynn Mavis for them when I first heard there was something wrong. I have known for ten days past that Sir Carlos Carew had had a struggle with a woman. I have the evidence here. Make way for the police. Let Supt. Chapman come here and look at what I will show him."

Even then Sir Carlos remembered his mother; he turned to look for her and drew her nearer to him. His arm thrown round her alone kept her from falling to the ground.

"Listen!" cried Hiram West. "I accuse Sir Carlos Carew of the wilful murder of Maggie Waldron! Here is my proof."

Hiram West unrolled the shapeless bundle and held up, so that every one could see it, a black coat with a rent in it. Then he held up a white sleeve from which the cuff had been torn.

"That is my evidence," he said. "Supt. Chapman," he added, "force open the dead woman's hand and take from it what you find there."

The superintendent knelt down in the grass by the dead woman's side, and, amidst the breathless suspense of the bystanders, opened the cold hand, and drew from it a torn cuff fastened with a diamond solitaire. Hiram West took it from him.

"You shall see," he said, "how thread fits thread."

He put the cuff in its place. It fitted exactly. A groan rose from the crowd.

Two policemen went up to Sir Carlos and stood one on each side. Then the little crowd swayed and opened, and a beautiful girl passed through it, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and laid her hand on Sir Carlos's arm.

"It is all false, Carlos," she said, passionately. "You have loved me, and I love you. Nothing will ever make me believe that you are guilty. I am proud to proclaim my love for you and my firm belief in your innocence." And the two fair women clung to him lovingly.

"I must do my duty, Sir Carlos," said the superintendent. "I must take you in charge."

"I am quite willing to go with you," replied the Baronet. "You need use no force. But let me speak to my mother for a few minutes before I go."

(To Be Continued.)

THE MAN HIGHER UP.

ON NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

"THE swear-off season is on," remarked the Cigar-Store Man.

"We're all on," replied the Man Higher Up. We're all onto ourselves. It's a funny thing that it takes a man a whole year to get onto himself, and the getting on happens between Christmas and New Year's. Then we get onto ourselves like a ton of coal on a dozen of eggs. We get the dope of righteousness into ourselves at the tail-end of the year, and it is generally like the dope they use on the race track. It oozes out before we get away from the sound of the swish of the barrier.

"This thing of swearing off on New Year's is a thing of sympathy. There is a sort of wireless influence that passes between men and women in the last week of the year that makes them want to be good. Christmas has a whole lot to do with it at that. After a man gets through Christmas and sees the bankruptcy court staring him in the face he is willing to swear off anything from wearing clothes to smoking cigarettes.

"A year begins whenever a man wants to make it begin, but on the swear-off thing becomes virulent in the holiday season. There is no reason on earth why a man who goes home every night with a souse on that produces a breath that would write his name on a plate-glass window shouldn't swear off on the Fourth of July or the First of April or the Sixteenth of October. But he don't.

He stands up against a bar with his face running like the overflow of a dam. He knows that he is a disgrace to himself and to his ancestors—even back to the days when the only occupants of the earth were the hairy apes who swung from tree to tree. Say this is along in June, when the rickey blooms.

"He makes up his mind to swear off. At certain stages of a stew the good instinct of a man comes up. But he don't make up his mind to swear off the next day.

"'Firsh year,' he says, 'I'm goin' quit drinkin'. Makin' a pale blue ash outta myself. Quit firsh year. What 'che goin' have?'

"And so he rolls along on a billowy sea of highballs and things until it approaches the first of the year. He really means to swear off. In the morning when he gets up and assays the dark brown taste he finds that every shade of brown cost him a dollar, and that for each dollar he could have made good in the way of giving some kid that believes in Christmas happiness. He calls himself names that wouldn't sound good coming out of a phonograph, and for a wind-up he loads himself with a brannigan that would crimp the bilge keels on an ocean liner.

"Then on New Year's he swears off. The next day he wakes up with a thirst that makes him think he is the foundation for one of those machines they melt asphalt streets with. He suffers all the agonies of a British seaman imprisoned in Venezuela for a few days, and then he starts in again, determined that this shall be his last year.

"Out of the millions who swear off every year a few stick and make good. For these few the swear-off season is a fine and dandy proposition. Even if one man swore off for keeps at the New Year time the swear-off thing would be all to the good.

"The trouble is that most of the people who ought to swear off don't. Why don't the street-car companies swear off from gold-bricking the public? Why don't J. Pierpont Morgan swear off from standing on both sides of the coal question? Why don't John D. Rockefeller swear off being a philanthropist and then taking the price out of the pockets of the people? Why don't Mayor Low swear off experimenting with the Police Department? Why don't District-Attorney Jerome swear off—well, I balk there. Why don't the City Club swear off thinking that it casts all the votes? Why don't Gov. Odell and Senator Platt swear off letting people think that they are fighting for the control of the machine? Why don't the Aldermen swear off taking themselves seriously? Why don't the horses swear off running out of form? Why don't John F. Carroll swear off retiring from politics? Why don't everybody swear off everything and give twenty minutes or so for a new book?"

"Are you going to swear off?" asked the Cigar-Store Man.

"A cinch," replied the Man Higher Up. "I'm going to swear off smoking cigars."

FISHING FOR SEA LIONS.

American fishermen are noted the world around for their daring, and the whaling and swordfishing off the United States coast have furnished material for many thrilling articles. But there is a form of fishing in the Pacific Ocean—if it can be called fishing—that is no less daring than the forms of fishing mentioned, and more remarkable because it is unique, says the Buffalo Express.

It is the "fishing" for sea lions off the many islands that lie near the California coast off Santa Barbara County. The animals are plentiful there, and, while they have no commercial value as food or oil producers, they are always salable to menageries and parks.

Of course, to be of use they must be taken alive and uninjured. This is what makes the work of taking them perilous and exciting. It is practically impossible to capture them while they lie on the shore, for they are so shy and cunning that they select only such rocks and ledges as are not approachable by man except from the sea. And, of course, the moment a boat comes in sight the big animals slide into the water and swim away.

So the only way to capture them is to catch them while they are in the water. And as they are so quick and haunt such dangerous parts of the coast, it is not possible to hunt them with large vessels, and the "fishermen" must risk themselves in small open boats.

They try to row in swiftly enough to reach the water near shore at about the same moment the sea lions are sliding into it to swim off. If the boats succeed in getting among them the men in the bows try to throw a lasso around their necks before they dive.

This in itself is not easy. And added to it is the fact that the sea lions are fierce and brave animals that will fight to the end. Therefore after one is lassoed he battles savagely, and many a boat has been overturned and smashed, while men are drowned.

BOER PROPER NAMES.

Gen. Botha's name is sounded by the public as if the first syllable rhymed with the word "loath." The "th" in Dutch has not the English sound, but it is regarded merely as a variant of the letter "t"; the names Botha, Martha and De Moth are pronounced Botta, Martta and De Mott, says the London News. "The "o" in Botha has, moreover, a lengthened sound, something intermediate between the "o" sound as heard in the words "boat" and "loot."

In De Wet's case the mistake arises from the tendency to pronounce the name as if it were wholly English. The South African pronounciation of De Wet is distinctly De Vet, the De being sounded as a Frenchman would pronounce it.

Delarey's name suffers the least in an educated mouth, though the crowd has a tendency to pronounce it "Declarry," with a strong accent on the second syllable. The General himself sounds the end syllable very strongly, although the two other syllables are also pronounced with a distinct stress upon them.

Quaint as these mistakes are to South Africans who understand Dutch, the Generals would no doubt be the first to recognize that their pronunciation of certain English words must sound equally ludicrous to an Englishman.

Gen. De Wet, for instance, speaks of "Mr. Kamberlain," as Mr. Kruger has always done, and refers to "Mynheer Moorli," while Gen. Delarey has considerable difficulty in pronouncing the lisping "th," the usual difficulty with foreigners.

WATER BIRDS.

Water birds, singular as it seems, are the only ones whose skins never by any chance get touched by water. So long as they are alive and long after they are dead they float with an air chamber all around their bodies, cunningly contrived of waterproof feathers closely overlapping each other. Thus, in a sense, water birds may be distinguished from all others by the fact that they never wash, though we can hardly blame them for that, because if water could penetrate between their feathers the poor things would never be dry.